A Bowery Gallery Where Folks Bring Their Dogs and Cats and Museum Freshs Bring Their Snakes—The Bowery Saloon Goat and the Trial of Photographing Him. There was a great commotion in the operating room of that little Bowery photograph gallery which is near Rivington street. Prospective sitters who lounged in the adjoining wait-

ing room and listlessly contemplated the por-traits of those who had patronized the establishment since its beginning could hear the noises incidental to the commotion and were speculating variously and vaguely as to the

occasion therefor.
"Come, now," commanded a heavy masou line voice, evidently that of the photographer, 'sit up nice and keep quiet."

"Oh, you darling"—this by a feminine voice-"do sit up prettily and get ums picture took." But apparently the sitter remained indifferent to the loving admonition, for the heavy voice ngain interrupted, and this time with a note of impatience.

"Here, you, stay up there on that chair," it said, and there was a muffled sound as if a slight struggle was in progress to enforce oledience. "Get back, I say"—— "Oh, please, sir, don't strike her, whatever

once more the soft feminine voice. Indeed, our darling has never known a cross word or a blow in her life. Have you, pet?"
"Madam, you will have to stand aside and let me manage her. Really, a little switching rould do her good and keep her quiet." What a sorehead!" sniffed one indignant

damsel in the waiting room, who was surreptitiously holding hands with a sandy-haired young man in a new suit of clothes. 'If he'd strike er kid uv mine," responded the sandy-haired young man, with a menacing growl, "a envelope could hold de remains wid-

"But you ain't got no children, Charley," simpered the damsel, at which remark the holding of hands became positively a gymnastic exercise and the cracking of finger joints punctuated the steady flow of disturbing sounds from

the operating room.
"Ouch! Blank it!" A wail of real pain was sent up by the heavy voice. "The little brute

Some children air jest too vicious an' ornery fur any use," vouchsafed a second young woman in the waiting room. "Naw-'tain't de kid's fault," grinned the sandy-haired young man. "She's evenin' up on de mug taker fur chuckin' her all dat sl-ck."

"Dear me!" complained the feminine voice in the operating room. "I declare, I don't know what to do with her. Oh, don't pick her up by the neck-you'll strangle her!" The young man with the sandy hair sprang to his feet and glared balefully in the direction of the operating room. "Dat fellie don't

tion of the operating room. "Dat fellle don't guv de kid no knocks while I'm in de shanty," said he, drawing down his shoulders and doubling his fists.

"Sit down, Charley," implored the damsel. "What's eatin' you? Don't go makin' a holy show uv yerself an' gettin' hot in de collar atout things when yer not concerned."

"Now, then, she's all right," broke in the heavy voice from the operating room. "Don't move, and we'll have her taken in a minute." (Brief silence followed by a furious barking.) "There, madam, it's all over. But that's the most trying pup to take I've ever had in my place."

most trying pup to take I ve under indice."

"Well, chase me fur er farmer," muttered the belligerent sandy-haired young man, as the photographer appeared in the dorway and screamed "Next," ef it warn't a dorg he musesin."

the photographer appeared in the doorway and screamed "Next," of it warn't a dorg he was muggin'."

"Yes." said the photographer, as he finished off his last sitter, "I make a specialty of photographing animals. Everybody in this line of business has got to have a specialty, else he'll starve to death, for the amateur photographers are pushing us little fellows clean to the wall on straight portrait work. I reckon there ain't a good dog nor a strange animal on the east side which I haven't had before my camera, and if you will look over the collection of animals and even insects which I have photographed you will think some one with the D. T.'s dreamed them.

"Let me tell you something. I make the photographs of most of the freak performers and animal trainers who show in the Bowery theatres and musical halls. There is hardly a snake charmer, man or woman, who shows in this town that does not look me up and give me the job of printing on paper their fearlessness it handling wriggling monsters. You've seen the girls who perform with boa-constrictors' Well, every fall they begin to pour in here with box after box of snakes. They always have themselves taken with the big snakes coiled round and round them, and when I first set up as a snake photographer it gave me the shivers to see how careless they were in handling serpents capable of crushing them to jelly.

"I asked one of the girls about this matter

them to jelly.

"I asked one of the girls about this matter one day. Said I: "My dear, I have often read that the boa-constrictor is able to crush pigs, lions, tigers, and even such strongly built animals sentiable to a read the same of the same mals as buffaloes to a pulp. Surefy you must know this and stop to think sometimes, when you have one of these ropy monsters curied around you, that if he took the notion he could squeeze you to death in an instant. What answer do you think she made me. Why, she laughed until she nearly had a fit and had to take off the big snakes she had colled around her.

colled around her.

"Well, you're pretty green,' said she, when she got her breath. 'Do you think for an instant there would be so many women doing the big snake turn if there was any real danger in it?

stant there would be so many women doing the big snake turn if there was any real danger in it?

"I said that had never occurred to me, and asked her to explain further.

"I'll tell you the secret of the whole business, said she after a while. These big snakes could readily crush us to death when they are out of their torpor and if we were not watching them all the time. But the boa-constrictor cannot constrict unless he begins at the tail. That is the seat of his muscular force, and the moment we feel that beginning to get hard when we have a snake coiled around us, we quickly unwind him. It is slow work for the boa-constrictor to get himself ready to crush a body, and so we have plenty of time to unways keep twi-ted round our necks. The tail we generally try to keep around one leg, so that we can feel the first thrill which indicates that the snake is getting ready for his hugging business.

"She told me a good many things besides that which showed that the handling of snakes looks dangerous, but is really a comparatively harmless profession, not half as dangerous as tumbling on the stage or in the circus ring. The big snakes are almost always in a lettargic condition, and when they are that way an infant could handle them with impunity.

"Of all the snakes which come here to be

Of all the snakes which come here to be

that way an infant could handle them with impunity.

"Of all the snakes which come here to be photographed not one in a hundred is poisonous. In this country there are very few harmful snakes, although there are many which pass as dangerous. An old snake charmer who comes here regularly to be photographed with his serpents told me that the rattle-snakes, the cottonmouths and thundersnakes were about the only kinds which were deadly. He always curries a large stock of watersnakes and blacksnakes, which look wicked this yet couldn't harm a kitten. But they have teeth and sometimes when they are particularly good sized they use them on his hands and neck, although they do him no injury. There has never been a snake charmer or boaconstrictor performer in this gallery who has not stated that it is utterly impossible to train a snake to do anything. The snake is a natural-born fool, and that is all there is to it.

"But I have a number of other customers to tell you about. Perhaps you have noticed that of ate the goat population on the Bowery has greatly increased." Wherever you go nowadays you find these Hariem cows, as they used to call them, swarming up and down the side-walks, contesting the right of way with the gamins who spend their days and considerable part of their nights in tormenting the animals. The goats are the property of the salcous, and, of course, when a salcon owns an animal of any kind some photographer is bound to set the lob of taking its picture. Bo I have been kept busy of late making photographs of the biggest and most notorious goats on the Bowery. A goat is not a very good sliter, however, as he is usually thinking about something to eat, and the cioth over the camera excites his appetite most violently. "Deus and cale are the preferences of the photographers, especially the big dogs. A great big canine seems to know that he is on dress parale when the muzzle of the camera is turned on him, and at once falls into the schools. It is hard to keep them quilet two seconds at a time. But take a

stretch itself and it will lie motionless for half an hour.

"One of the most difficult of all animals to photograph is the monkey. Try as you will, it is impossible to make it look straight into the centre of the camera for the fraction of a second. Its glance always shifts of to one side or the other, nor will it ever catch your eye full or fix its own non yours. It is my conclusion that a monkey cannot look at the camera any more than it can look a human being in the face. There's where the monkey differs so much rom the dog. Take a dog's head in your hands and it will look into your eyes. Not only very long, though, for it is a singular thing I have discovered in photographing animal of the care of the control of the care of

male that the steady gaze of a man distresses all dumb creatures. But the monkey's head you can take in your hands and hold as long as you please without once meeting his eye. He will keep his glance fastened upon the celling, will constantly wink and bluk, or will stare at the floor. He will look everywhere

He will keep his glance fastened upon the celling, will coestantly wink and blink, or will stars at the floor. He will look everywhere except at you.

But the photographer never wants to leave his gamera alone with a monkey, for if they are hashful, they are inquisitive, and if the charce is given one will try to imitate the picture taker to the destruction of his instrument, as I have had occasion to learn to my cost.

"Parrols are the eastest of all birds to photograph. They will stare straight into the camera and remain as inotionless as the photographer could wish. Small birds give us more trouble than any other living thing which is brought to this establishment. They are always flitting about and ill at ease. But what do you think was the latest thing in pet birds. I had to photograph? Nothing less than a pet Florida crane, and a very smart bird he was. A dealer in old curios owns him, and brought him up to the gallery to be taken in half a dozen characteristic attitudes. The bird was well trained, very gentle, and as affectionate as a kitten. I had to make instantaneous pictures of him, for he was a dancing bird, and at a word from his master would bow and scrape before the camera, then stretch out his wings and caper around in a very graceful circle.

"Sometimes we have small bears for sitters. Infant mountain lions are no strangers to this gallery, either, while as for alligators we have taken them by the hundred. There are more alligators owned on the east side than you could count in a month of Sundays.

"The oddest sitter I ever had," concluded the animal photographer, "posed before the camera about two weeks ago. He was brought in by a young man who runs a shooting gallery on the Bower, and who said he had been sent to him by a friend who was fighting for Uncle Sam in Cuba. With this introduction he produced a large bottle, in which was the largest and most repulsive looking tarantual I had ever seen. The craxy young shooting sallery fellow wanted to dump that hideous spider out on a card to have h

MAN FAMINE IN THE CATSKILLS.

Brooklyn Schooltenchers in telddy Hats and Plaid Stockings Said to Be the Cause. LEXINGTON, Greene county, N. Y., Aug. 27 .-There is a man famine up here among the Catskills that is more pronounced in character than the usual summer scarcity of the male population for which this region is noted.

A man who has never been popular with femscene here to be fêted and to be a hero. Men who have slunk through life heretofore without even an approving giance from the eyes of their typewritists find themselves overwhelmed with attentions just as soon as the stage deposits them at a farmhouse or hotel

The Catskill Mountains girl has therefore

HUMOR OF THE BLACK BEAR determion. The mountain streams and the headwaters of the rivers in California, where this bears roam, afford excellent facilities for BRUIN OF GALIFORNIA A TOUGH AS

WELL AS A COMBDIAN.

Anything from Ants to an Oz-

Model Father That Makes Sport for the Cubs-Sagnetty in Eluding the Hunter-Percelty of the Black Bear When Aroused PONONA, Cal., Aug. 23.—The black bear is as different from the griszly in disposition and character as the iion is from the hyena. The grizzly is a great bulking, mean, dyspeptic, savage and always ugly bruts, while the black bear is at once the fun-loving comedian and the bold, reckless tough of the American mountains. Probably no other beast on four feet has quite so many humorous ways or the same strain of backwoods philosophy as the common black bear. Hunters and trappers tell how they have spent hours in quiet amusement while, lying concealed by brush, they have watched the antics of a family of black bears in the homo den. Old hunters say that black bears know that they are humorous. Many a hunter will sit all night by a campfire and argue that he knows that black bears smile at their own nonsense. But this same amus-

ing, prankish, clumsy black fellow is a terror

even to the oldest and coolest hunters after

wild beasts when enraged or wounded or

trapped, and in its rage it will attack with deaperate ferosity anything in the animal line. Black bears of the Pacific coast seldom weigh more than 650 pounds. The average is 450 pounds. Gol. Theodore Roosevelt, who has hunted bears and written about them, says that he has seen black bears in Wyoming that weighed 700 pounds. The chief differences between grizzly and black bears are in color, size, and the shape and length of the claws. The grissly bears weigh from 600 to 1,200 pounds, and stand at full height sometimes seven and a half feet high. The claws of a grizzly are sharply curved, and vary from three to five inches in length, and have projecting edges as sharp as razors; the claws of a black bear are seldom three inches long, and are straight, like a dog's. Experienced hunters instantly distinguish a black bear's track from that of a grizzly. Grizzly bears have a coarse, shaggy pelt, while black bears have a smooth and rather glossy coat of hair, except about the face, which is tan or straw colored. Black bears live about twenty-two years. Two black bears from California confined in the Zoological Garden in Philadelphia lived nearly thirty

sheen been reduced to a descensive companies of the interpretation that the control of the property of the control of the cont years, but that was unusual.

The remarkable strength of a black bear is largely in its shoulders and forepaws. It rarely hugs its victim to death, as do grizzlies and

THREE TENDERFEET WERE IN AT THE

Was Laid the Disappearance of \$10,000 Worth of Stock—A Hunter's Dinner in the Forest—Hig Ben's Last Fight for Life.

them to experies expertues as fishers. In Oregon and Weshington the salmon fishermen have no end of funny stories to relate of bruin's wars of getting its food along deep and swift rivers. Bruin will stand in a creek or caffon stream as solemn and motionless as a crant, all the time keeping its even on the water. When a fish some unsuspectingly nearly one of Bruin's fore paws there into the water as fish that escapes the animal's claws as they contract. A look of supreme contentment and pride in its skill apreads over its solemn visage as it draws the squirming fish from the water and pride in its skill apreads over its solemn visage as it draws the squirming fish from the water and pride in the water and the water and the water and pride in the water and swallows its prey while grunting with satisfaction. Sometimes when the parent hears et seaching their cube to fish, human observars laugh to see the femals frequently deal to her offsuring a cuff because of some clumsiness by which a fish has been allowed to set away or because of some clumsiness by which a fish has been allowed to set away or because of some clumsiness by which a fish has been allowed to set away or because of some clumsiness by which a fish has been allowed to set away or because of some clumsiness by which a fish has been allowed to set away or because of some clumsiness by which a fish has been allowed to set away or because of some clumsiness in the mountains concerns the characters the black bear exhibits in the home circle or within the cavernous confines of the bear is a mean, selfish fellow and has no care for its marte or thought for its offspring, and that the moment it becomes a father, that moment of the bear is fibelled by these deractors, and that Firsh is really very helpful to Mine, Bruin in the first weeks of her motherhood. Hunters who have watched from concealed spots and through fished way to have a same of the season of the s

I'll be darned if there's money enough in bear pelts to get us to fire into such a fine lot of folks as them. Why, it would be just like murder."

The neuteness (sagacity some observers call it of a black bear is shown in hundreds of different ways. All hunters have had experiences in which they have been led many miles from camp, across mountains, over wide areas of boulders and through rocky cafions, by some smart old bear that seemed to have a human mind in teasing the hunter along, and at the same time adreitly keeping out of range of the rifle when there was an opportunity for the pursuer to shoot. The bear that knows it is hunted and sees a chance to escape will do this every time. It will climb hastly into the most inaccessible spots to a man, and when it has eurvoyed the field from behind a tianic boulder or in a deuse chaparral, where the hunter cannot shoot, it will decide upon a course of escape. Then it goes on ahead. If it is a she bear and her cubs are along she will drive the little fellows on ahead a few feet and defend them in the rear. When the old bear knows there is chance for a bullet from the hunter's gun to come that way it will hasten as fast as possible, not stopping to rest until some protection is afforded from bullets by rocks or timber. Many she bears in their anxiety to save their cubs have been seen to pick them un in their force naws and trudge clumsily along. The sagacity of black hears is very often shown in their manner of seeking food. A ranchman in the foothills of the San Bernardino Mountains a few years ago found that a little nig disappeared about every week from his pigpens. The prints of bear's paws told what was carrying away the little norkers, but the pen was surrounded by a paling so strong and high that the ranchman could not imagine how any beast ever got in there. An all-night watch showed him that a black bear came that way, climbed a live oak tree that grew near, and, walking out on a branch that gree over the pigpen, dropped to the ground, snatched a terrified

A DWELLER IN LONDON BOHEMIA. The Death of Richard Dowling Removes a

Picturesque Literary Figure. A picturesque if not very important figure disappears from the London world of letters and from London "Bohemia" in the death of Richard Dowling, news of which comes with the English mail. Mr. Dowling, who was born some fifty years ago in what he always called "swate Clonnel," was one of those men of whom everybody says, "He will do great things yet," until the end comes, when everybody laments, "What great things he ought to have done." As a matter of fact, he was a prolific writer and put out novels and short stories and articles on all conceivable subjects with mazing fertility. But there was always something lacking about his work. He had either an utter want of the critical faculty or a culpable indifference to artistic perfection. Titanic imagination, the descriptive force of a Victor Hugo, alternating with the slovenliness and inefficiency of a schoolboy author," so a distinguished English reviewer characterized

his powers and methods.

Mr. Dowling loved to keep up the old bo hemian traditions of authorship, the velvet oat, the unconventional hat, the persistent

hemian traditions of authorship, the velvet coat, the unconventional hat, the persistent, unabashed clay pipe. He cultivated extinct mannerisms, the author's irritability, for example, and he used to declare that good literature could never be produced by daylight. When there was hurry for his work—and he prided himself on unpunctuality—so that he had to work by day, he would pull down his billinds, draw the heavy red curtains of his study, and, pipe in mouth, grind out copy by candle-light. Wee was to the rash individual who dared to interrupt him then. His eye, with fine frenzy rolling, would glare and glow like a red-hot coal, and from his lips would pour forth a torrent of vituperative elequence clothed in the broadest brogue of his beloved Co. Tip, with many a scathing daelle adjective thrown in to add force to the whole.

He was a great rambler o' nights, knew London through and through, and delighted in exploring alone at the weirdest hours places which hardened London policemen preferred to leave unvisited. When in festive mood there was no livelier companion. He hadd "select society:" fashionable suthors and silk-hatted journshists were an abomination to him. But in certain bohemaian gatherings heid in little courts off the Strand or Fleet street he was the prince of revelry, the leader of joke and song and brilliant talk. Politically, he had a fine hatred of the English nation; practically, he was 'hall fellow well met' with any one who like the Jap in Gilbert's opera, had a song to sing, oh." And of certain Englishmen he had a great veneration—of Shakespeare, because he was killed in a pothouse brawl. He loved to talk of the days when poets and suthors were unpretantous easy song fellows, who hear the min their excesses, but he loved their memory none the leas. Many will miss him now that he is dead, for what his busy right hand plentifully earned his loft heart exert tered with profuse generosity, and more than that, he was an fond the largest hearted of means.

FALL OF A GREAT GRIZZLY.

California Monster to Whose Account

Almost in the heart of the const range in Mendoeino county, California, is the hamlet of Booneville, named after the great Daniel Boone. Possibly the name was chosen because it was thought that the country round about would have suited him exactly. With the exception of the San Gabriel Mountains in the south, the deeply wooded canons, precipitous and almost inaccessible hereabouts, are now the only abiding places of the great grizzly bear of California. Booneville's population consists for the most part of frontiersmen. Their larders are well supplied with venison, the floors are covered with skins, and the walls are ornamented with antiers and the masks of

bear, lynx and leopard.

For several years past a large grissly had raided the hog and horse corrals in the Boone-ville country. People named him "Big Ben." and tall stories were circulated about his size and ferocity. It was certain that he could pack an 18 months' colt on his back with the case of a waiheney shouldering an Indian papoose Big Ben did so much damage that finally Tom Dacre, one of the largest farmers of the locality, wrote down to some friends of his in San Francisco to come up and organize a hunt for his slaughter.

"Leave your toy guns at home," he said.
"They would only tickle Ben's hide and give him a chance at yours. Don't pack anything along less than a forty-sixty-five."

August is good hunting weather in Califor nia. The air is dry and balmy, and along the coast deliciously cool. There is absolutely no possibility of being caught in a rainstorm under canvas, and sleeping out at night is de licious. Therefore the party that went to assist in the pursuit of Big Ben were well filled with the most pleasing anticipations. Each had a heavy calibre rifle, a keen hunting knife with a strap at the hilt to attach it to the wrist, a pistol, a compass and a small vial of snake poison antidote. Dacre met them when they landed with a buckboard to take them the rest of the way. He had a shotgun in the wagon.

"Though it is still the close season," he said, "I am going to have a pot shot or two at the quails. We've got a Chinese cook who makes the best quail stew in the country, and it's a mighty handy thing to have a pot full of it cold around the camp when one is hungry and wants a sanck."

The occasion soon presented itself. A sharp turn of the road brought the party on top of not fewer than half a hundred of those plump and gamy fellows, and Dacre's pot shot yielded

fourteen to both barrels. The camp he chose was an ideal one on a sunny mesa on the banks of the Garcia River. Here three of Dacre's men were waiting. The customary demijohn was produced, and all drank destruction to Big Ben. Then followed a dinner to be remembered. A true sportsman cannot well imagine a more delicious forest repast than freshly caught mountain trout and tender venison, washed down by claret which has been cooling all day in the stream, the feast concluding with strong, fragrant coffee,

has been cooling all day in the stream, the feast concluding with strong, fragrant coffee, while the incense of the pipe ascends to piacate the dryads and hamadryads for the invasion of their solitude. The campfire in such expeditions in California is always of colossal proportions; not mere branches, but trunks of trees are dragged in to feed the flames. It is not alone good for all night long, but will burn far into the pext day, and the laurel and other fragrant woods that compose it perfume the air.

There was in the party, of course, the inevitable snake monomaniac, he who imagines that every rustle of the dry leaves is a rattler, and sees in every dead limb the form of that much-maligned reptile. For the rattlesnake in California at least is not half so bad as his reputation. He will not molest unless molested, and is always anxious to get out of the way. In this case the man alraid of the rattlesnake carefully laid a horsehair rista around his blankets, being a believer in the theory that a rattlesnake will not cross a hair rope. The hoot of the night owl, the nerve-thrilling scream of the panther, and the bark of the sneaking coyote are the orchestral accompaniments of a night in a California forest. The coyotes had scented the dead deer many miles off, and had come around as near as they dared. They are very shy of the glare of the campfire, and like the wildeat and the panther, unless positively starving, they will not come within the circle of the firelight.

A good hour before dawn the coffee pot was steaming on the embers, and another juicy portion of the deer sent up a delicious perfume, intensified by the keenness of the morning air.

"We have not more than a mile to ride," said Darre, "before we get close to Big Ben's ranch. He got away with the colt from the Bennetts' two nights ago, and the old fellow will be so full of grut that he won't feel like travelling far."

"I bet you the dogs get on to him before we pass Flemming's Ridge," remarked old Peter

"The tyou the dogs get on to him before we pass Flemming's Hidge," remarked old Peter Johnson, a pal of Dacre, and one of the most famous bear hunters of the country.
The dogs were of the very best kind for the purpose. Two were deerhounds straight and littens. They had file noses, and when once they jumped a bear would hang on to him to the end. They were game dogs, too, too gritty, induced, as it was discovered before the end of the hunt.

The light was strong enough to make the path clear through the forest as the hunters started in single file in pursuit of the big marauder of the mountains. To Bacre and his friends they have no remarked in a first as the hunters started in single file in pursuit of the big marauder of the mountains. To Bacre and his friends they have no remarked in a first as the hunters started in single file in pursuit of the big marauder of the mountains. To Bacre and his friends they have no remarked in a first started in single file in pursuit in the big marauder of the mountains. To Bacre and his friends they have not every started in a first started in the part of the big marauder of the bullet unless struck in certain places, his activity in pursuing his assailants and the terrific force with which his blows were dealt. Dacre had remarked in camp the night before:

"You'se fellows will find that you'se have not come up from the city for nothing. You came the remarked in camp the night before the come up from the city for nothing. You came the remarked in camp the night before the come up from the city for nothing. You came the start had not a first started in mine the law of the first chance."

The visitors had protested no more: but they resolved to make a great showing before the come in the part of the part

them from the blood and dust. Then turning sharply around be made out the quarter from which the hash attack had come.

The artist's horse squeated and jumped, and finally boiled, with his rider hanging on to the bridle. Another brute was horribly cool, and of sware charming.

The artist's horse squeated and jumped, and finally bolled, with his rider hanging on to the bridle. Another brute was horribly cool, and would give his rider in excuse for retreat, so the rider tried for another shot. Just then, with a lond yell, Daere and his people came galloning up from the other side of the chaparral and charged directly on the bear. One had his ritat awhinging loose, and was circling around the animal watching for an opportunity for a successful east when Daere's rifle reas out and Big Ben tumbled in the dust, shot through the throat.

Even in death the brute looked formidable. The powerful claws were outstretched in his agony fill they would have covered a big soup plate, and were as sharp as a kitten's teeth.

We wouldn't have got him so easy if he hadn't gorged himself, said Daere. He will turn the scale at least 1,400. That brute must have cost the neighbors \$10,000 at least in the stock and young horses he's destroyed. I never thought we'd get him so easy, but no animal can fight well when his stomach is full. I wish we'd got him; though, before he got roor Belehet." and the mountaineer looked sadly down on the dog lying at the feet of his enemy.

NAVAJO BLANKETS.

A Wonderful Product of the Primitive From the Kansas City Journal.

Americans are a travelling people, but how many, outside of army circles, have visited a Navajo camp or witnessed the manufacture of a Navajo blanket? It is a product of the loom really wonderful in design and texture when the disadvantages under which it was made are considered. The Navajos-are a peaceful people of the Pueblo type. The squaws weave blankets and the men tend sheep and ponies. Many of them are rich, and most of them are self-supporting, deriving their income from their herds, the wool of their flocks and the manufacture of their blankets. The wool of what is termed "the native wool blanket" is taken from their own sheep, and native dyes, produced from various herbs, give the blanket its peculiar coloring.

A Navajo blanket belongs to the Navajo and to him alone. In fact it is a part of him

A Navajo blanket belongs to the Navajo and to him alone. In fact it is a part of him. In every hogan or hut you will find these blankets, and a short distance away, amid the sage brush or on the windward side of a rock, you can see a Navajo squaw squatted on the ground busily engaged weaving another.

The outfit is very simple. Two sticks on which strings are strung, a long flat stick to ram each thread home, a cylinder-shaped one to keep the threads straight, a small one similar to a comb to prevent any tangles—this is the loom which produces the weird Navajo blanket. Yet with these tools a Navajo squaw manufactures a blanket which may be used for a rug and will last half a century. It may seem an easy thing to produce one, but just make the attempt.

In these days when Navajo blankets have become a product of the market, and when the Indian is surrounded by civilization, with traders' stores enabling him to exchange his blankets for articles of European make, there has arisen a new Navajo blanket made from Germantown wool. It is certainly a work of art, handsome as well as unique in appearance. The Indians buy this wool from the traders, and it is a curious fact that of the multitude of blankets produced no two have been known to be alike. I visited the store of the largest collector of these blankets when he had over \$20,000 worth in stock, and I could discover no exact counterpart.

The Navajos as a rule are cute and sly in the business. Their contact with civilization has taught them the 'Yankee method' of driving a bargain. At Fort Wingate, a regular army post, situated on the edge of the Navajo reservation, it is not unusual to see an Indian begin at one end of the officers' quarters and enter every house trying to sell his blankets. Sometimes the meets with success at the first house, but it is a well-established fact that with each refusal the price of his article decreases. The spring and early summer is the best time for buying. During the winter the squaws one, but never alone. The buck 'accompanies

FISH PIRATES IN LUCK. Discovery of an Easy and Lawful Way of

Making Money from Tourists. LYONS, N. Y., Aug. 27.-For years past some men in Wayne county made a living and something more by acting as oarsmen and guides to campers and tourists in the summer and by illegal fishing when not otherwise employed. This year, these fish pirates are turning an honest coin by other means, to the undisguised sorrow of certain campers and tourists.

As a matter of fact, the average camper at Sodus Point and other places on Great Sodus Bay arrives with a goodly supply of illegal fishing devices. Sometimes he carries only a trammel net, which is an efficient means of depopulating streams of fish; again he carries a gill net or a fyke. Assisted by the professional guides and oarsmen, these pothunters have heretofore been able to show goodly strings of

gill net or a fyke. Assisted by the professional guides and oarsmen, these pothunters have heretofore been able to show goodly strings of fish, none of which, bore hook marks. The tourists were hearty good fellows, they spent money lavishly, and that was all; no queetions were asked.

The appointment some time ago of George Carver of this village as game protector changed matters. Mr. Carver went at the poachers and gobbled up their nets in great shape. President Barnet H. Davis of the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission was appealed to, but in vain. The continued raids eventually drove the poorer fish pirates out of business and distressed the rich ones greatly. Under the beneficent provisions of section 34 of the Fish and Game laws as amended in 1898 the poachers saw a chance to make morey. This section allows a bounty for all manner of illegal fishing devices when selzed, and gives local magistrates a chance to earn a few fees by witnessing the destruction of the nets. The discovery of this section came just in time. This year times were unusually hard, the war scare tending to keep people away from fishing resorts. Game Protector Carver seemed overvigilant, and eventually the poachers began seizing one another's nets, and thus trying to get even. While this kind of work was going on the campers arrived, as usual, well supplied with illegal fishing apparatus. Then the fish pirates saw their newchance to make money, and embruced the chance on the double-quick. Instead of seizing one nother's nets, the pirates saw their newchance to make money, and embruced the chance on the double-quick. Instead of seizing one nother's nets, and thus trying to get even. While this kind of work was going on the campers arrived, as usual, well supplied with illegal fishing apparatus. Then the fish pirates saw their newchance to make money, and embruced the chance on the double-quick. Instead of seizing one nother's nets, a said that the oarsmen really went haives sometimes, being cmployed as a pinging business.

Between May 3



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A LIFELY BUT COSTLY EXHIBITION

OF SNAKE CHARMING. Three Hours of Strategy and Fighting That Couvinced One Observer That Rattle-sunkes Can Charm, Provided You Have

Enough and Put a fiat in with Them. "Rattlesnakes charmed me once," said John libert, the travelling groceryman, "and it et me \$250. It wasn't intended that the nakes should charm me. It was expected hat they would charm a rat, but they didn's charm the rat a little bit. They charmed me; hat is, if you call it being charmed to stand gazing steadily at snakes, with no inclination or desire to take your eyes off and go sway. I was under the spell of just such a fascination, and there is no telling how long I would have remained there staring like a hypnotized victim at those snakes and that rat if the spell

hadn't been suddenly broken. "It was up in a village among the Allegheny abound. Somebody at the hotel where I was stopping got to talking about rattlesnakes, and a travelling man who was also a guest

"'I would just like to see a live rattlesnake once. I don't know of anything I am more curious t# see.'

'Is that so?' said the landlord. 'Well, we don't have 'em on the bill of fare, but I guess we can accommodate you. Hello, Jake!' "A wiry-looking little old man who was aitting on the plazza got up and came in at this

enll.
"'Jake,' said the landlord, 'I want to use a live rattlesnake. Can you get me one right away?'

" 'Sure,' said Jake, and went out. He wasn't gone more than fifteen minutes when he came back with five nice, big yellow rattlers in a bag. all fresh from the freedom of the adjacent hills. The guest who said he was so anxious to see a rattlesnake turned out to be a liar. He didn's want to see a rattler at all, for when Jake came in with his choice specimens, which were rattling like a lot of click reels in motion, the guest jumped out of his chair, grabbed his grip and left. But the landlord took the man's discourtesy all in good part and turned the rattiers loose in a bay or show window in front of the house, where there were some ferns, a small turtle, and a number of stones and shells, and shut them in.

" 'I'll keep 'em there,' said the landlord, 'so I'll have 'em handy and won't have to waste any time sending out for one for the next guest who says he would like to see one. "I got through with the little I had to do in

the place, ate my supper, pald my bill, and started to get the first train for Pittsburg, where I had an important engagement. As I was leaving the office the landlord came along. 'T'm going to put him in with the snakes,"

he said. 'It will only last a few seconds, but

"Tm going to put him in with the snakes," he said. 'It will only last a few seconds, but you'll see some fun while it lasts."

"I had time a plenty, so I stopped to see the fun. The rat was dropped in with the snakes. The snakes were lying at one end of the window, apparently listless and sleepy, but the moment the rat dropped in every snake was up. Each one coiled quicker than a finah. Every rattle sounded a loud alarm. Five big and nely heads were raised from the coils. Five black forked tongues darted out and quivered with the excitement of their owners. The rat crouched down in one corner, apparently paralyzed with terror. Ten glittering eyes glared at it, as the rattles sounded and the tongues quivered in and out.

"I forgot all about the train and my engagement. I gazed at the strange scene spellbound. Presently the rat moved, turned, faced the snakes boldly, and then made a wild dash at one of them, biting it in the neck, and jumping back in time to get beyond reach of the reptile's vicious strike. The offensive tactics of the rat filled the snakes with rage. Two of them uncoiled and made a rush for it. I have an indistinct recollection of some one near me saying 'That's something new for a rattler to do,' but I paid no attention to it. I did not move, so utterly fascinated was I with the spectacle.

"The rat showed fight to the two snakes that had rushed toward it. One of the snakes stopped with its face within three inches of the rat, where it lowered its broad head turned the terrible glare of its eyes full on those of the rat, and shot out its tongue rapidly at it. I supposed the rattler was using its alleged power of charming things upon the rat, but if it was it falled to get the animal under its power, for the rat darted forward and bit the snake as if the nipping off of its tongue hurt it from snout to rattles, and it quickly retreated and huddled up in one corner of the inclosure.

"Now the other snake that had advanced upon the rat made a vicious pass for the sprightly and undismayed little ani

movement along its entire length showed thas it was alive, it did not rise again and took no "The inhe subsequent proceedings." The inhe subsequent proceedings. "The inhe subsequent proceedings. "The inhe subsequent proceedings." The inhe subsequent proceedings. "The inhere senakes and with what seemed to me a dangerous indifference. It began to tread about the inclosure as if it owned it, The three enakes that remained deflant had sentered. The rat would make a dash toward one, clude its strike, and then rush at the other of the inherence of the snakes and the rat. I have an indistinct impression that i heard my train come and go, and after a time another can't say positively. Infor a that one but the snakes and the rat. The rat had worried and drawn the fire of the snakes, so to speak, I don't know how long, when the ratilers themselves had recourse to strategy. They had, perhaps, seen that singly they were no match for the cunning rat, and after a good deal of rattling to drongues the three snakes massed themselves at one end of the window. They were in a row, covering that part of the field absolutely. The rat was too good a general not to see that it would never do to assail that phalanx of ferocious and deadly serpents, for if one of them missed one of the others would be sure to meet and pondered.

"As gasple ratu up that corner to the top of the minsed one of the others would be sure to meet and pondered."

"As gasple ratu up the gaspipe and along it until directly over the snakes and six feet above tem. The snakes were not long-headed enemant, and they did not the rate of the window and their bristing heads. It quickly nipped one through the neck where the ratile son t